THE DEFENDANT'S SUFFERINGS.

NOW THE JURYMEN LOOK AND WHAT THEY DO-SHARP'S DINNERS.

rell-known lawyer of large experience said the A well-known lawyer of large experience said the ther day that looking back on all the great cases tried in recent years, he could not remember a jury whose intelligence impressed him as strongly as does that of the harp jury. Having secured these men without opinions the court takes unusual precaution. without opinions the court takes unusual precautions to meure that they do not imbibe any opinion except from the evidence. They are guarded at all points from contact with the rude world. Not only are they debarred from obtaining any ideas from the outside; they may not chat about the evidence and swap they may not contained to it among themselves until the opinions in regard to it among themselves until the evidence is all in and the case formally handed to them by the judge to deliver their verdict upon. them by the judge to deliver their verdict upon.

Meantime they are treated like some rare foreign
animals not yet entirely acclimated. They are under
guard day and night. Great attention is paid to their
eating and drinking; to their exercise and hygienic
aurroundings, and even mental recreation, within
restrictions, is not overlooked. They may play
checkers or chess, but not poker; they may even
eved but not about the case they are to try. Every read, but not about the case they are to try. Every word in reference to that is carefully clipped out of their newspapers, so that it happens that the more limthe day's hearing the less reading matter they have. The man they are trying has to go every night have. The man they are trying has to go every night to jail. But there he is surrounded by his family, and at all times he is practically free so far as converse with his triends and acquaintances is concerned. Therefore, in his present position, he is less a prisener than are the jurymen who try him.

They are in charge of Captain Ricketts and six assistants, one to such could be included.

They are in charge of Captain allowers. Ricketts assistants, one to each couple of jurymen. Ricketts has been an officer of the Supreme Court since he was nine years of age, and with his ruddy cheeks and glossy black hair he now seems to be about thirty-five. At 8 o'c ock in the morning the jury, who have rooms a figining on the seventh floor of the Metropolitan, are marched down to one of the ladies' parlors, where they sit down to breakfast in company with their keepers. Captain Ricketts's men are not only experierced, but they are well trained. The head waiter says not one of them has yet asked for mush, or corn beef and cabbage, or any ordinary dish unless it is linguised in French on the menu; and even the French language does not fool their experience often.

So far not a single juryman has asked a question. Foreman Cantield, who has a Napoleonic mustache and imperial, folds his arms and sits bolt upright with severe dignity, and a sore place, on his back which makes any other position paintul. It was the chair back that made the sore place, and on Wednesday ' Ricketts thoughtfully covered it with a soit woollen shawl. Mr. Caufield is one of those men whom novelists describe as a "sleeping volcano," one whose active nervous system is subjugated by will whose active a quiet and impassable exterior. In his business be is a printer. He prints the "Weekly Law Digest." But his lip curled with a scorpiul negative when counsel asked him if he read it. It was an illustration of the old ebestnut about the two proken brokers, one of whom found the other a waiter in a Bowery restaurant. "Yes," said the latter scornfully, "I wait here, but I don't dine here."

Owen O. Schimmel, who sits next to the handsome

owen O. Schimmal, who said section to the foreman, wears an unpretentions suit of gray, and has a bald head and a full brown beard. He is in the preserve business in Warren-st. He is a typical Pennsylvania Dutchman of Quakertowa; in his history can be ascertained, and although this was a very little one and entirely unpremeditated, it is said to have proved the turning point in his career. At nineteen he paid a visit to New-York, on that occasion speaking his very little English by means of an Ollendorf phrase-took. When taking leave of his Second-ave, friends he said, in his grave Quaker fashion: "Good-bye, and may God pickle you." Whatever are you trying to say now !" host. He whipped out the phrase book and pointed with an air of confidence to a line in the vocabulary at the end of it which read: "Pickle—to preserve." It is a mere coincidence, of course, but ten years later be went into the pickle and preserve business, and thus it comes that his little mistake is so well remem-bered among his acquaintances. Mr. Schimmel was taken into the box on the second day, so that he has

already suffered a long confinement

The third jurer is Jacques Kahn, a dealer in mirrors. His Austrian birth is suggested in the high, narrow forehead and the black hair that sticks straight up on decorated with little candles—how many of them shall not be published, for although he has spent years in this country and years in the other and months and months in travelling about, he wears a sunny smile person in speciacles and a tail man with a sik hat. and there is no suspicion of hoar frost on his upright

broker at that. Mr. Clarke is probably the only one who really desired to be a juryman. First he was doing little business, and to live like a lord at a big hotel is something not to be sneezed at under those circumstances; and then, too, he lelt proud to be cousected with such a celebrated case. He is young, as four; has clear sapphire eyes and "alove of a mustache." He may be called the dude of the twelve. In the evenings he reads scient fie books and tries to improve his mind. He takes a keener interest in the evidence than any of his fellows, and at ese reflections will show-perhaps about twentyterest in the evidence than any of his fellows, and at his prison house must have a hand in everything There is an inclination to pet him on the part of his guard as well as on that of his fellow jury-

men.

This only takes in the front row of the jury pen, and the rest must be summed up briefly. Mr. Rudolph Wolft, pocketbook-maker, is a big man with a shaven thin and a very high forehead, with a tuit of gray hair in the centre of it. He has a quiet, genial manner. Mr. Mead is a well-known architect. He is a handsome little man with a young face, and the premature gray hair now in tashiou, which he wears in a bang. He reads French novels and plays the flute. He is reserved, but takes a hand at whist occasionally. wears an air of becoming melaucholy at present. Is a graduate of Amberst, and for twenty years is a graduate of Amherst, and for twenty years has never missed attending the anniversary of his class. This year he was to have taken a prominent part, and would have done so if the Sharp trial could have been

tponed a month. Howard Hopping sits directly in the centre, and is swidently the funny man of the troop. He is a graduate of Trinity, Hartford, and a vestrymon of Zion Neither the confinement nor anything else seems to come amiss to him; he is always in gay spirits. His wife calls to see him every day. does not stay very long because the conversation is apt to be a little constrained. When you call to see one of the jurymen you are first cautioned not to speak of the trial. A friend called on Schimmel the other day and old John Nolan said to him:

You are not to spake German, mind."

"Shure an' I'm as good an Irishman as yersetf," was the reply, "and divil a word of German is it that I'il be knowing."

be knowing."

When you are conducted to the juryman you desire to see—whether you are his wife or his sweetheart—four chairs are placed in a square. The suryman takes one, you take the one opposite, and on either side are seated another juryman and an officer. Terms of endearment are therefore as effectually eliminated. from the conversation as the reports of the trial are from the newspapers by Captain Ricketts's shears, and how can a loving little woman tell all the details on baby's teething and the new word he learned yes-terday with three strange men listening coldly to it all ! So the interviews are brief and constrained, and the only bit of natural feeling comes at the end with the parting kirs and the parting words, which generally are: "Good-bye, Kitty; be sure and save up all the newspapers for me until I get out."

Mr. David Clarkson is a commission merchant, but massive head and grave, thoughtful face as well as something in the cut of his broadcloth give one the impression that he belongs to the ministry. He is the treasurer of Zion Church, and therefore there are two estrymen from the same church sitting together.

Mr. Feder, who is written down as a capitalist, and Mr. Kaufield, merchant, are great chums. No one has been able to discover what nationality Mr. Feder originally belonged to, for he speaks man, languages equally well. His face and figure both strongly in-German blood, and as he claims to be a con eur in beer that question may be accepted as d. Also how he loves good things to eat. Sometimes his extravagant demands for dainty dishes ex-ceed even the wild desires of Captain Ricketts's troop, Mr. Kaufteld does not take things so easily. He eats and drinks well, and sleeps soundly, but he runs his fingers through his thick thatch et white hair, chews s brown mustache, and sometimes rather angrily presses his feelings about the burdens laid on the sw-York taxpayer. He is something of a dentist, y the way. The other evening he suffered an hour so with a painful molar. "Billy" Ricketts advised him to have it out. "I think I will," he said. No, he didn't want any dentist; only a corksorew, and with didn't want any dentist; only a corkseres, and with this he very skilfully yanked out his offending tooth. The heavy weight of the panel is Samuel Palmer, action and wide scope.

grocer—a man of magnificent physique and about fifty years of age. He was a mad Englishman last Tuesday because he could not get out to celebrate the Queen's Jubilee. He is a clever trencherman, and claims to know what good coffee is. Colonel Marvin is also become the colonel of the colonel is also a bachelor, and is well known in New-York in connection with the Dutyea Zouaves. At the beginning of the war he went out as right general guide, was made adjutant, and afterward breveted colonel for gallant conduct. His specialty as a juryman is chess, and he finds a good opponent in Mr. Clark.

They are, as before observed, a very intelligent body, and far above the average jury in this and in other respects. None of them chew tobacco, only a few smoke cigars, and all or them are temperate. They accept their position cheerfully, and with the one exception mentioned make the time pass as pleasantly as possible. But it is no light thing to sit all day in the stifling atmosphere of a court-room—and the air of the Court of Oyer and Terminer is almost unbestellar. unbearable on a warm atternoon. Luncheon is served to the jury in a little room on the next floor, and at half past 6 they are marched back to the Metropolitan, where they cat their dinners in a room of their own and atterward take a little exercise in the carrier present the carrier to the their own and afterward take a little exercise in the certifior, reserved to them or receive their triends. Among the regular callers are Mrs. Mead, Mrs. Hoping, Mrs. Wolft, Mrs. Palmer, Mrs. Kahn and her three little ones, and three nephews of Colonel Marvin. Then they read or play whist or chess, and early retire to rest. At 5 o'clock the next morning Ricketts is seissoring out from the papers all the news of the tial, and as this is the one subject the news of the trial, and as this is the one subject the jury are all interested in there is no great rush for the newspapers. One day Wolff asked for a "Staats Zeitung." Ricketts had no one on his staff who read German well enough to cut all reference to Sharp out of it, so he would not take the responsibility of sampling it. would not take the responsibility of supplying it. On the whole, everything is done for the comfort of the jury, but it must be a dull time for them after all. Yesterday they were taken for a drive in the Park, and to-day several of them will go to church, or rather be taken there. These are the only glimpees of the outside they have during the week, except the daily parades down Broadway.

Jacob Sharp occupies in Ludlow Street Jail the rooms which once held Boss Tweed and Ferdinand Ward. During the latter's time they were sumptiously furnished, but when he left for Sing Sing all the pretty things were carted away by his triends. Then Warden Keating turnished them for his own use, comfortably, but modestly, and Sharr has made no addition to the furnishing. Sharp is not equeated to luxury. The surroundings in his own however to no means gaudy or in any way aloquent of wealth. The parlor is simply furnished, and if you called there to see Mr. Sharp you would probably be received by bim in an easy manner in his shirt-sleeves. As soon as Sharp went to Ludlow Street Jail his devoted wife and married daughter (Mrs. Schoes) followed him, They took up their abode in two adjoining rooms, and have ever since carefully attended to all his wants. have ever since carefully attended to all his wants. Shar, looks healthy and strong, especially for a man of seventy-one years old, but he is in reality a very sick man and a great sufferer. "My machinery is all ware out," he said the other day with a sigh. A number of reporters went to interview him as soon as he arrived at the jail, and Warden Keating, who is good nature itself and tries to oblige everybody, let them in. The interview was very short. Mr. Sharp said:

"I'm here: that's all."

When he returns from court in the evening he is met by his wife, who gives him his medicine. Then he takes dinner, eating sparingly of everything, and drinking little except Apollinaris water. Toward 9 Pennsylvania Dutchman of Quakertown; in his thought a little slow, perhaps, but sure. He has been guilty of only one joke, so far as his private history can be ascertained, and although this was a very little one and entirely unpremeditated, it is said very little one and entirely unpremeditated, it is said to be suppossible to keep the temperature of the room warm enough for him. Then the two devoted women watch by him during his fittle state of the room warm enough for him. Then the two devoted women watch by him during his fittle state of the room warm enough for him. chronic troubles in addition to the mental worry of the trial, and sleeps but little. By 5 o'clock the next morning he is up and reading the newspapers. He reads them all carefully, and makes little notes on the evidence for his counsel. Then comes his breakfast, which invariably consists of milk and light pancakes. made by Mrs. Selmes, and again he is driven, accompanied by Deputies Sexton and Curran, to the court-room. By mere force of will and the anxiety ured of the charge against him he sits out the whole proceedings in Jespite of physical pain; but his face shows how heavily it is telling upon his system, and it is questionable, according to his physician's opinion, it he will be able to stand it many days longer.

A slim young man was perched on a stool in one of the large restaurants near THE TRIBUNE Building the top of it. He has travelled extensively, speaks several languages, and is an entertaining talker when he is not on jury duty. Last Sunday was his birthday he is not on jury duty. Last Sunday was his birthday anniversary and a number of his friends conspired to remind him of it. They sent to the Metropolitan a basket of flowers and a large cake. The latter was described with little caudles—how many of them shall described by the little caudles—how many of them shall described by the latter was described with little caudles—how many of them shall described by the latter was described by the little caudles—how many of them shall described by the little caudles—how many of them shall described by the latter was described of the large restaurants near the devouring a strawberry dumpting. The capacity of the restaurant was not sufficient for the rush of customers and behind the fortunate possessors of stools formed another line of hengry candidates ishing tragments of strawberry dumpling. There were two contestants for the sent, a corpulent old The slim young man completing his lunch climbed down from his parch, and the corpulent watcher with

reat activity began to climb up.
"Hold on," said the other candidate graffly

"Because, sir, I have a right to the seat. I was here sir, when that young man began to eat his dumping Perhaps," added the tail man scornfully, "you think that I have been standing here just to count how many monthings there are in a strawberry

dampling. "The elderly man laid his hand on the stool and said with the confident air of one who holds tour aces, "I am very sorry sir, but you really have no claim at all. I was here when this young man was unable to decide whether he wanted a strawberry dumpling or

custard pic."

And then the corpulent old man, having "seen" the tall man and gone him one better, filmbed upon the stool, and his rival moved sadly along to stake out another claim on a man who had just ordered fish balls with tomate sauce.

NOT SO SMART AS RE THOUGHT.

There is one theatrical manager who will not play any tricks on his wife in the way of autograph writing. She gave him an album to get Edwin Booth's autograph and he took it away. In a sh-rt time he brought it back and handled it to her, telling her that was all right.

"There's your album, dear; you'l find the autograph in it."

she did not notice his smile. But—few days afterward he received a note from a strange 1 by, asking what he meant by writing in her album: "All the fools am't dead yet.

with his own autograph to it. His wife has the smill

HIS FIRST WELSH RAREBIT.

He was from the country and had come to take in the sights, the cyclorama and the new Bagley fountain. The rest of the party sat down on the steps of the City Hall and ate gingeroread with a keen reliab, but he thought he would put on a little more style, and so sammering down Woodword-ave, awhile he struck a high-toned restaurant. Following the crowd in he took his seat at one of the lunch tables. Presently his turn came. There was the usual steak and chops, but the waiter said "Welsh rarebit?" He ordered it—he could get common food like pork chops and steaks at home, so he'd fry the "rabbit." If it was Welsh, although he didn't quite know the difference between that and the ones at home. After a few minutes the order was set before him. He waited awhile and then ate the bit of cheese and toast, wondering why they meliced up the cheese in that way. Customers came and went, but he sat waiting. Finally one of the waiters asked if he would have anything more.

more. "Anything more." exclaimed the stranger. "Why Fve had nothing yet!

Fifteen more minutes passed when the waiter again asked "If he wished anything else."

"Yes, sir. I am waiting for my rabbit. I've waited

"Yes, sir. I am wailing for my rabbit. I've waited now long enough for you to cook it, too."

"But you've had your order, sir," said the waiter.
"That's a lie! I haven't seen the first bit of a rabbit yet. All I've had was a bit of cheese and broad, which I'll pay for when I get the rabbit."

It took just thirty minutes standard time to convince that "tourist" that the "rarebit" of cheese and broad was his order.

THE READY SMALL BOY.

From The son Prancisco Caronicle.

A very tail, dignified, stately, austere geutleman from the East has been out intely looking at California. He was much impressed with our glorious climate, our very large country and great development in agriculture, florienture and viticulture, but he is more impressed now with our wonderful small boy enture. He was on the train and one of those assiduous newshoys came frequently, pressing him to buy the promising specimens of our journal culture. He refused, and finally the small boy, on the last rebuil, gazed on him for a moment and said blandly:

"I've got some picture papers for them as can't read." "I've got some picture papers for them as can't read."

A Multitude of Ailments. The ailments which afflict the kidneys and bladder are so

umerous that merely to name them would fill a space far outrunning the limits of this article. Suffice it to say, that they are both obstinate and dangerous. To their prevention Hostetter's Stomach Bitters 's well adapted. The stimulus which it lends to the action of the kidneys when they are lethargic serve to counteract a tendency in them to lapse, first, into a state of pernicious inactivity, and afterward into one of positive organic disease, which soon destroys their delicate integuments, poisons the blood and causes death. A double purpose is served by this depurent. It promotes activity of the kidneys and expels impurities from the blood which have no natural channel of outlet except those organs. Constipation, billousness , fever and ague, rheumatism and dyspepsia are also remedied by this medicine of thorough

CHIPS ON THE TIDE OF TALK. BITS ABOUT PEOPLE AND THINGS PICKED UP HERE AND THER &

American inventors and mechanics are constantly improving machinery. The progress made in this branch of industry is so gradual and steady as to attract little attention. J. A. Long, an Ohio manufacturer, the other day said that the manufacturing of shafting on which driving pulleys are run in manefacturing establishments has been nearly revolutionized within the last five years. Shafting was formerly made by placing the long bars of iron in a lathe where it was reduced by hard edge tools to the proper roundness and smoothness for use. Some inventive American conceived the idea of making this round shafting in the rolling mills, and as a consequence what is known as hot polished shafting has become the leading product. "It can be made so perfect and it is so much cheaper than the other way," said Mr. Long "that if the new manufacturers should push matters in competition with the old kind, the turning lathes

the State is Rodney W. Daniels, ex-Collector of Buffalo. The prejudices of nationality drawn out by the Queen's jubilee led him to speak the other day of some cident in his own household. He had for neighbors a Jewish family, the head of which was a man of refine ment, culture and strong business position. Daniels had a little boy and so had his neighbor. The youngster of the Daniels household, it was noticed, would hardly speak with the little Jew or associate with him in any way. Not only did he refuse companionship to the little fellow, but at times he would abuse him in the street until Mr. Daniels was compuzzled to know just what the trouble was between the lads until it came out by accident one morning. Mr. Daniels kept a cow to supply his family with milk, and at a certain season his Hebrew friends desiring the milk from a single cow came over to ask that favor of Mrs. Daniels. It was the lady of the Jewish household who rang the bell, and as she preferred her re quest Mr. Daniels heard Daniels, jr., calling down in a loud whisper from the stairway, "Don't you do it, manma, don't you do it. Don't let them have it." Annoyed at the youngster's action Mr. Daniels rushed be insisted upon having the urchin explain what he you know what they did to our Jesus ?" The idea that the lad been harboring revenge on his little Jew companion from this point of view had never entered Indicrous that the lad escaped punishment, but got a lecture on tolerance in religion which will probably

Captain E. B. Mount, of Iowa, who is a railroad engineer of some prominence, remarked yesterday that he had recently come from the annual meeting of the "A feature of their work which interested me." said he "was their recommendation with reference to draw gineering over which there has been a great deal of drawbars. There are a number of drawbars when drawbars and order this requirement, in which there is perfect safety sundows, even on these hot nights, are closed tightly, windows, even on these hot nights, are closed tightly, and saving of labor. Mr. Forney, the secretary of the association, made a report to the convention in which he gave statistics of men killed and injured by the present system of coupling cars, and showed that if was a maiter of economy to the railroads to adopt a

the rest of humanity. It is refreshing to hear them talk among themselves about some of their experi-ences. A group of young saleswomen were telling a new restaurant in Fifth-ave., of which she had heard, where it was said a good dinner could be had for 35 cents. She said she found herself in a gorgeous dining room, where the waiters seemed remarkable

A second shopgirl took up the thread of conversaion after something of this fashion: "Twenty fiv cents is as much as I ever pay for a dinner. Some on to the lunarie asylum. I remember one night that we had a gorgeous time. There was a great amount of overwork, and the floor walker told us girls that if we would stay and do the work he would allow us 40 cents apiece for our dinners. We got the 40 cents and put 10 cents on top of it and paid 50 cents for a grand meal in Sixth ave. It was just too fine for anything. I have never gone by that place since that I do not feel as though I had a mortgage on it on account of my half dollar."

There are many more faces of actors to be seen about Madison Square this summer than in former years. The Rialto is still at the Union Square, and the great central place of gathering of comedians tragedians and "supers," as well as stage struck people of no account is still about the Norton House Not a few people, however, think that this centre of the theatrical world will in time be removed to Mad the theatrical world will in time be removed to Mad-ison Square. The Acters' Fund has taken offices on Fifth ave., near Twentieth st. Several theatrical agencies are in Broadway above Madison Square. Twenty third st. has already some preminent publica-tion offices connected with the theatre business, and it only needs a second Morton House to crystallize the general neverneat uptown. Already the Hofman House cafe has structed the presence of a number of professionals, who find it a convenient place at high.

The little midgets of the stage are queer creatures. They grow up in a house atmosphere that gives them odd ideas and expressions. In Broadway the other day I met the well-known dwarf photographer, Jeff Falk, accompanied by "Baby Berkely." made an oddly assorted couple. Little Offic Berkely is only eight years of age, and began her stage life at four years with Kate Claxton. She had been recently four years with Kate Claxton. She had been recently to a performance given at the Lyceum Thatre as a benefit to another stage infant, Bijon Fernandez, and her expressions with reference to this performance were remarkable. Of the bit of play in which the little Fernandez girl appeared she said that it was "dire and diabolical." When asked what she thought of the acting, she responded that Bijon was always "wild and weird."

With every speculative period a great host of wildcat schemes comes to the front. A revolutionizing process has been going on in the gold mining on the Pacific coast consequent upon the improvement of mining machinery and the profit with which low mining machinery and the probability of grade ore may now be worked. Speculators have taken advantage of this improvement to bring forward all sories of schemes in gold mining. I run across these speculators everywhere, in hotel corridors in lower Broadway and Wall Street, at the exchanges, n brokers' offices, in cheap downtown restaurants where they are obliged to take their meals until they can effect a "deal," or at Deimonico's after they have succeeded in "making a raise." As a rule, the men who bring forward such schemes have the spirit Bohemia and can accommodate themselves to all circumstances. Not long ago two of them were talking with reference to a scheme they had on hand, which with reference to a scheme they had on hand, which serves to illustrate pretty well their general character. One of them had asked the other about a mining company which he had organized, and received the response that the capital stock had been placed at \$10,000,000, in a million shares of \$10 cach, and that it was soon to be listed on the exchanges. "At what price are you going to list it?" asked the man who was seeking information. The reply was given with the utmost coolness to this effect: "We have not quite decided yet. We may list it at \$1 per share. We may list it at \$2 per share. It is only a difference of 100 per cent in the amount we will make out of it, but we do not mind a little thing like that."

A guest at the Hoffman House is Percy Proctor, of Cincinnati. He is a son of the sentor member of the widely advertised soap manufacturing firm of Proctor of the Queen City. Young Proctor is a college graduate, and chose journalism for his profession. He devoted his energies to the establishment in Cincinnati of an illustrated weekly journal, and accomplished his object at a great cost both in time and money. He has since, I believe, disposed of his interest in the paper, but I am told that it has become a permanent feature of Western publication and is in every way a credit to its promoter.

According to the opinion of Corporation Co Lacombe, delivered the other day to the Board of Police Commissioners, it is the duty of that Board to refleve or dismiss from the force to positions on the pension roll all members who have performed duty for twenty years when the member applies in writing for relief or when the Board of Surgeons is satisfied that he is permanently disabled so as to be unfit for duty, or when he has reached the age of sixty years. This ruling is made under a law which was introduced into the Assembly by ex-Senator Gibbs. I met the ex-Senator on the day when the Corporation Counsel's opinion was given, and he said: "Yes; that is my bill, and Mr. Lacombe is right in his construction of it. It will retire Dikes, McCaffrey and others who have

passed the age limit of sixty years. When a member gets beyond that time of life he is unfit for the heavy work of the police force and it is time to retire him.

One member of General Grant's family about whom little is heard in these days is U. S. Grant, jr., who is familiarly known as "Buck" Grant, having been born in Ohio and nicknamed Buckeye. He married a daughter of the late ex-Senator Jerome B. Chaffee, of Colorado. In some respects he has more of his father's retiring disposition and quiet manners are like those of his father in days when the future President was living quietly at Galena, with no thought or prospect of the greatness that was to be thrust upon him by the approaching period of war. Members of the Grant family look on "Buck" as having much the same char-acter of reserve force as his father, and declare that if opportunity and emergency come he will distinguish himself. He is modest and retiring, and a lover of home and family.

Practical railroad men are deeply interested in every possible advance in railroad science which has for its object the prevention of loss of life. There was an accident on the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore Railroad at Havre de Grace the other day, where the engineer claimed that the air-brakes refused to work, resulting in a collision, the death of one man and the injury of a large number of others. In a group of engineers at the Grand Central Depot this matter of the failure of the air-brakes was being discussed, and one thoughtful old-timer said: accident is another instance where the necessity of an independent steam brake on the engine is shown. Every passenger engine should be equipped with a separate brake, outside of the air-brake on the coaches. Then if the air-brake recuses to work the engineer has Then if the air-brake refuses to work the engineer has some chances to save his train. The engines of the Boston and Albany and several other roads in the country are endloped in this manner, and the companies are wise in doing it. Had this engine been provided with such an emergency brake, there is no doubt but the engineer could have either avoided the collision altogether, or its effect would not have been serious."

the rotund figure and smiling face of P. T. Wall, who is going again to Richfield Springs to assist Uriah Welch at the New American Hotel. Wall is one of the best known hotel clerks in New York, and is popular among his fellows as well as with the public generally.

Montana's leading banker, ex-Governor S. T. Hauser, of Helena, is one of the wealthlest men in the North-His financial operations are increasing in extent and importance every year. He has been in New-York during the pest week arranging financial matters connected with the construction of seven railroads in the Territory, which are to be run as branches r feeders of the Northern Pacific. Two of them are already completed, and the others will be in operation within the next three months. In addition to this aircady completed, and the others will be in operation within the next three months. In addition to this business Governor Hauser is the principal financier in four National Banks and thirty four mining companies. He is heavily interested in cattlegrowing, in the timber product of the Territory and in copper mining. On top of it all he plays a pretty stiff game of police, and especially objects to a game with a small limit.

In a perfume shop in William st. I watched some employes the other day who were doing up packages of toilet articles to be sent out by mail and messenger. The bottles were wrapped in a peculiar kind of brown paper, the inner surface of which appeared like a paper, the inner surface of which appeared like a miniature cardurey road. An examination of the material showed it to be specially prepared straw paper with a corrugated inner surface, by which the glassware is given a safe and secure bed in which to rest for transportation in the mails or otherwise. It is one of the novel inventions of American ingenuity. I am told that the inventor has made a neat little fortune from its introduction.

DINING AMID TREES AND GRASS.

HOUSES OF REFRESHMENT IN THE PARK. BY WHOM THEY ARE PATRONIZED AND WHAT THE

The restaurants in Central Park are not the least attractions of the city's hig play-ground. The Casino and Mt. St. Vincent are well known to those who love to enjoy good cheer amid surroundings which have to enjoy good cheer amid surroundings which have a time of rural beauty. The sites of these two houses of refreshment have been admirably chosesand the lawn beyond; Mt. St. Vincent in the north-east corner of the Park, just above the turn where on bright spring afternoons the endless line of gay equipages and glossy-coated horses sweeps down to the housevard. Mr. McCann, who manages the latter house, complains somewhat of the percentage which house, complains somewhat of the percentage which the Park Commissioners levy upon the profits of his business, in lieu of rent; yet he does not complain too loudly, for a dinner at Mt. St. Vincent has charms, and in the early summer, when the days are long and the fragrance of syringas and honeysuckle comes in through the onen windows, the diner is to model. and the fragrance of syringas and honeysuckle comes in through the open windows, the diner is tempted to let the enjoyment of the palate keep pace with the enjoyment of the other senses; and in this weak roses of human nature Mr. McCann finds his account. It is not only the diners, however, to whose tastes he has to cater. "The fact is," said he "The nature Mr. Recommendation of the said he "The nature Mr. Recommendation of the said he "The nature Mr. Recommendation of the later of the man and wife, and whomeover Buffalo Bill joins together let no man put assures. It was not perhaps strictly formal, but it did well enough. The pair were married and well-and wife, and whomeover Buffalo Bill joins together let no man put assures. It was not perhaps strictly formal, but it did well enough. The pair were fault well well well well well well to be man and wife, and whomeover Buffalo Bill joins to together let no man put assures. It was not perhaps strictly formal, but it did well enough. The pair were married and were contented, and the pair were married and were contented. The pair were married and were contented. The pair were married and were contented. The pair were married and were contented and the pair were married and were contented and the pair were married and were contented. The pair were married and were contented. The pair were married and were contented to the pair were married and were contented to the pair were married and were contented. The pair were married and were contented to the pair were the pair were married and were contented to the pair were the pair were married and were contented to the pair were mar

he has to cater. "The fact is," said he, "we open at 7 a. m. and close two hours after midnight. We business. Ladies come in their carriages with their nurses and children, and have light lunches-losone of our patrons coming to speak to me, Mr. Tom Cary, I am surprised he is not with his inseparable

"Happy to see you, Mr Cary. Can I do anything

"I want to use your telephone to ask Tom Crimmin to dine with me here." "Certainly. Go right up to the office and use it as

if it was your own," it was your own. The young man went to the telephone and Mr.

"He is one of a numerous band who honor us with

their patronage. E. Berry Wall, Freddy Gebland, young Wheeler, Kolshat, Potter, Butler, and a hundred young Wheeler, Kollant, Poter, and the an additional others who shine as the choicest ofnaments of seciety, dine here frequently, and come here in winter in sleighing time for supper. The theatrical men often do the same thing. Mr. French often has theatrical dinner and supper parties; so does Nat Goodwin. Our ten rooms upstairs are often well occupied. Then we have a very different class of customers, the judges and great lawyers and great merchants. Many of these are obliged to be in town at the end of the summer, while their families remain away until the end of October, and they take their breakfasts and dinners here. Judges Lawrence, Barrett, Beach. and dinners here. Judges lawrence, Barrett, Beach, Dugro, Truax and several others honor us in this way. So do Mr. Jaffray, John F. Plummer, Mr. Darling, Mr. Teilt, Frank Work and other driving men has Colonel Kip, Mr. Morris, Mr. Harbeck, Mr. Wormser and Mr. Hillyer.

"It's a neutral ground, and everybody meets here,"

was the manager's closing remark

At the Casino the veteran William H. Radford is the Boniface. The Casino is a regular restaurant. besides doing a large business in caaes, fee-cream and sandwiches. Mr. McCann catches in his not the majority of those who come to the Park in carriages or on horseback; but Mr. Radford gets almost all the

doubt."
"And what will you give them for breakfast!"
"Planked shad." replied Mr. Radford with the air
of a man who has found a cure for all human ills and
the true source of all happiness.

WHERE IGNORANCE WAS BLISS.

WHERE IGNOBANCE WAS RLISS.

From The Albany Journal,

A good story is told about a gentleman and his wife in a city not far from Albany. They had been regular attendants at a certain church, but had wearied of the long sermons preached by their pastor. Without desiring to wound his sensibilities they had of late been attending services at various churches. Recently they declied they would visit a Presbyterian church on a certain Sunday, and were amazed to discover that the pastor of their own church had exchanged pulpits that day with the pastor of the church they were visiting. He preached an unusually long sermon, and at the close of the services the pastor met his two parishioners and thanked them very hea tily for feeling such an interest in his preaching as to follow him

STORIES ABOUT PEOPLE.

COMMODORE VANDERBILT AND C. M. BISSELL.

COMMODORE VANDERBILT AND C. M. BISSELL.

From The Detroit Free Press.

One of the best railroad executives in this country of great men in that department of human industry is C. M. Bissell, superintendent of the Harlem Railroad. He rose from the rear rank, as it were, having begun in the most menial station.

It was thought when he became a full-fledged passenger coadnetor that the highest peak of ambition had been scaled, but there was no keeping him in a subordinate place. One night Commodore Vanderbilt, who owned the road, came down from Saratogs and Conductor Bissell had him in charge from Albany to New-York. The distance is 150 miles. Bissell had him in charge from Albany to New-York. The distance is 150 miles. Bissell heat a sharp eye on his duty and the despotic Commodore sat silent. Not a word did he address to that trainmaster during their journey. Just as the special train bauled into New-York the old man asked:

"How long have you been on this road?"

special train bauled into New-York the old man asked:

"How long have you been on this road!"

"About twelve years," was the reply.

"Come to my office to-morrow morning at 9 o'clock,"
Bissell didn't know what he had done to offend his employer, but being a placky man be whistled away his apprehensions and at the appointed hour appeared in the dread presence.

"Ha! humph!" grunted the Commodore, "you're here, her! Come out to the yard."

Bissell followed the ogre, quite unable to guess what was in the wind. what was in the wind.

" How much does that rail weight" abruptly in-

The mach does that rail weight abruptly required the Commodore.

Bissell (who was one of the best informed employes in the service) made satisfactory answer to that and other questions relating to the minutize of railway construction. Still without the slightest relaxation of his stern

teatures the old man blurted out:
"How would you like to be superintendent of the Harlem Railroad?"

"First-rate," said Bissell.
"Well, by ——! you are superintendent," was the Commodore's vigorous and characteristic termination of the interview.

DR. MARK HOPKINS.

From The Chicago News.

"It was in the winter of 1869, I think | said W. H. "It was in the winter of 1869, I think [said W. H. Thompson], that during his absence in the West the faculty of Williams College adopted a rule whereby students absent from recitations on account of illness were to receive the same number of demerits assessed against those who were absent for any other cause. The students rebelled, and every last one of them kept aloof from chaper and class exercises. The faculty would not yield nor would the students. Indignation meetings were held and the excitement ran high for a week

a week.

"President Hopkins hastened back from the West. He invited all the boys to meet him in the chapel. They all respected him and they responded promptly to his call. Itself the labored for it, and how he lad labored for its facelly defeed. You all know me and you know that I will see that no injustice shall be done any student in this institution. But I shall not offer you any compromise naw while you are outside of my jurisdiction, having put your selves there. I shall conduct prayers myself to-morrow moraing, and every student who is not in his wonted place then will be expelled from this college, and I have the pledge of every other college president that no student so expelled will be received into any college in this country. Well, all but three of the students were on hand next morning. In less than a week the obnoxious rule was sus, ended.

"When I became a senior at W lliams," continued Mr. Thompson, "our class studied mental and mornal philosophy under Dr. Hopkins. One day he disputed with one of us. But the book says so, argued the student, and you wrote the book yourself. 'Yes, I know that,' he answered, laughingly, but my opinions have changed a good deal since I wrote that book. Now, it you'll pay attention. I'll show you how much more Dr. Hopkins of to-day knows than Dr. Hopkins of fifteen years ago did.'" Week,
President Hopkins hastened back from the West.

BUFFALO BILL MARRIES A PAIR.

BUFFALO BILL MARRIES A PAIR.

I have found a place in the Nebraska Legislature, I have been in the cattle business, acted as hunter to the Grand Duke Alexis, and performed a marriage ceremony. This hast feat is not without its humorous aspect. I had been elected a magistrate for the State of Nebraska, and was one evening astonished by the visit of one of the screenats of the post who desired to be married. There was no cleryman in the country, and I as the representative of the law was therefore empowered to the the loving couple together. There was one awkwart point.

with it the pair of lovers. I torned to them and said to he bridge received:

"Do you take this woman to be your lawful wedded wife, to snoport and love her through life?"

"I do," replied the man.

"And do you," I said to the bride, "take this man to be your lawful wedded husband?"

"I do," said the woman.

"Then you has dis, and know that I pronounce you two o be man and wife, and whomsoever Buffalo fall joins crether let he way my asynder.

MR. KAUPMAN WAS PLEASED.

From the San Francisco Chronicle.

I am not surprised that California has such a fine reputation for many and close two hours after midnight. We open at that abnormal hour, for we have an breakfast class of customers, who ride on horse in the Park as early us 6 o'clock. Later on 11 o'clock comes the miscellaneous see Ladies come in their carriages with their and culturen, and have light lunches—leef fruit, calc, milk, sandwiches, and so on. Then evening we have our during classes. Here is

*736," said the clerk without a moment's hesitation,

"Mr. A. Kaufman, of London r"

*736. Front."

"736 not in."

Ny friend went to a florist's and had a handsome basket of flowers sent to 736. He went to the market and had the finest fruit he could buy carefully packed up to Mrs. Kaufman, 736. Next day had gone and no note or message came from his friend. He went up to the

of hesself of the following of London, in?"

" Is Mr. Kaufman, of London, in?"

" 730. Front!" again without a wink.

And Front took the card and disappeared. In about on days the boy came down stairs again and said:

" 736 not in."

My friend went on to his store and had some fine win My friend went on to assert an and some and was seen up to 736. Somebody brought him in a wonderfur rose grown in a bothouse in Oakhaul—description nees not further go. He called a messenger and sent up this clegant rose to his friend's wife. Next day went by an no note, no message. He waited another day and then he went up to the hotel.

"Mr. Kaufman of London in!"

"736. Front."

And Front!"

And Front disappeared again with another eard,
"Mr. Kaufman will be down benefits a

"Mr. Kaufman will be down presently," was the answer this time. Presently a stout German gentleman whom my friend had not known came up to him.

"You was the geatleman as wanted to see me!"

"You was the geatleman as wanted to see me!"

"I beg your pardon."

"My name was Kaufman."

"You Mr. Kaufman! Oh!"

"I vas from Cinctunati. My wife and myself we was very much obliged for the flowers and the fruit, and the wine. Most beautiful!"

"Then you got them all!"

"Yaas; and my wife was erazy about that big rose—I pever see such a rose. You was kind people in California. Joost for a leetle kindness to the Knights Templar boys."

boys."

My friend had not the heart to disabuse him, and he does not dream to-day that the excessive hospitality of California arose from a mistake in "736. Front!"

AN AMIABLE ROYAL FAMILY.

on horseback; but Mr. Radford gets almost all the potestrian customers. Each house is so well supported as to show conclusively that there is room for both. The cooking of the Cashoo may be considered as the cooking of the Cashoo may be considered as the cooking of the Cashoo may be considered as the cooking of the Cashoo may be considered as the cooking of the Cashoo may be considered as the cooking of the Cashoo may be considered as the cooking of the Cashoo for dunders and the shad is mailed to this with galvanized mails. In the sub-liktchen, which have not considered as a board two feet from the ground. These are not with charcoal made from inchory. The planned shad is fixed upon a stand about fourteen miches from the five and slowly toasts loself into a condition of perfect dipeness for the palace.

"That sounds good but dees the planning system get rid of the bones!"

"Now," said Mr. Implied my did then you."

"You's not dimers on Saturdays and sundays. It cannot be compared to the condition of perfect dipeness for the palace.

"You's not dimers on Saturdays and sundays. It cannot be compared to the condition of the condition of perfect dipeness for the palace."

"You's not dimers on Saturdays and sundays. It cannot be considered to the condition of the condition of perfect dipeness for the palace."

"You's not dimers on Saturdays and sundays. It cannot be supported by the condition of perfect dipeness for the palace."

"You's not dimers on Saturdays and sundays. It cannot be supported by the condition of the condition of

GEORGE WESTINGHOUSE.

From The Pittaburg Bulletin,

Altogether, the number of patents taken out by Mr. Westinghouse will aggregate about 1,200. A few of these are upon devices which he purchased from their inventors, but the great majority were original inventions and improvements. For the past two or three years natural gas and electricity have furnished the two great fields in which he has labored with successes so recent and so widely known as to need no recounting.

No small amount of the success achieved by Mr. Westinghouse is due to the men he has associated with him in his various enterprises. First and chief among those was Mr. Ralph Bagaley. In the early days of the airbrake, when that devise was struggling for recognition, Bagaley was the right hand of Westinghouse. He has a way of picking ont a young man and putting him in exactly the place for which nature seems to have latended him. His employes, from office-boy to the highest, show the utmost loyalty to his interests. Said one of them, himself a widely known business man, not long since: "I have known feering Westinghouse for fitteen years, the greater part of the time having been with him, and I never heard him speak harshiy or do a mean thing with an employe."

TALK WITH MRS. JAMES BROWN POTTER.

An Interview in Which the American Actress Against the Critics.

A lady recently arrived from London reports an interesting interview with Mrs. Potter, in which the latter expresses herself as much delighted with her recent provincial successes and full of confidence in the future. Certain newspapers, she said, had persistently misrepre sented and maligned her.

"Their first attack was on the letter I gave Mrs "Their first attack was on the letter I gave hirs. Harriet Hubbard Ayer indorsing her Recamier Cream," said Mrs. Potter, "and why should I not have written it! I had known Mrs. Ayer a long time before adversity overtook her. Every member of society who knew her loved her and was anxious to do something to assist her. Miss Clara Louise Kellogg, Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer, Mrs. Justice Miller, Mrs. John A. Logan and numbers of others stood by her. She sent me a jar of the Recamicr Cream. I used it several days and found it wonderful in removing tan, sunburn, blotches and roughness of the skin, as well as pimples. It ac'ed like magic for me and several of my friends as well. I knew it was beneficial,

skin, as well as pimples. It ac'ed like magis for me and several of my friends as well. I knew it was beneficial, that it was not a cosmetic and did not contain lead, bismuth or arsenic. I thought my letter might help Mrs. Ayer and also introduce my fellow-women to a good article made by an honest woman, which they might perhaps use on my recommendation in preference to some of the vile and dangerous poisons imposed upon so many ignorant women. A lovely complexion always excites the admiration of men, and it is worth taking trouble for. Imagine a woman with liver spots, pimples, blackheads or flesh werms! They must be repulsive to every husband or lover. Well, Recamier Cream and Powder cures them all in a week if directions are followed. How common it is to see a really beautiful woman only lacking a perfect complexion to make men think her a goddess.

"For these reasons," continued Mrs. Potter, "I wrote the letter and I do not regret it. I am using the Cream now, as well as Recamier Powder, which is the best powder i have ever used. It will not rub off or make one's face shiny. Patti, Langtry, Fanuy Davenport, Modjeska and all the leading artis's have written Mrs. Ayer testimonials, and I know use no other preparations. I met a geutleman yesterday who came over on the steamer with Mr. James G. Blaine. He reports that both Mr. Blaine and himself prevented seasickness during the trip by the use of Mrs. Ayer's tonic. 'Vita Nuova' (New Life; that they both feel greatly improved by it, and were ready to indorse it as the best tonic for over-worked, broken-down men or women they had ever tried. He said it absolutely destroyed all desire for alcoholic drinks or wine, and yet was stimulating without any depressing, reactionary effect after its use. He would advise wives and mothers to see that husbands or sons who are intemperate use it. He had given a bottle of 'Vita Nuova' to a fellow-passenger who was suffering from nervour dyspepsia and congestion of the kidaeys and it cured him in three days. A friend of his livi

ns he is a good feeder, he knows. When he let it was all the rage to take 'Vita Nuova,' and all fashionable women were using Recamier Cream and Powder.

"Major-General Rufus Ingalis, formerly Quartermaster-General of the United States Army; Hon. Amos Cummings, Member of Congress and Editor of The New York Evening Stat; Hon. Thomas P. Ochiltree, Colonis Samuel Donelson, Doorkeeper United States House of Representatives; ex-Governor William Bunn, of Dakota; John Chamberlain, esq., of Washington, the noted bon vivant; and scores of other men of like high standing, had written Mrs. Ayer strong indorsements for 'Vita Nuova' (New Life). Altman, Stern Brothers, Le Bontillier Brothers, Simpson, Crawford & Simpson, Hazzard, Hazzard & Co., Adams, Ford & Co., the Bolton Drug Company, Lawrence, Keyser & Co., and all druggists were giving special attention to the sale of Mrs. Ayer's very giving special attention to the sale of Mrs. Ayer's preparations. The people were refusing to take anything in the place of them, and Mrs. Ayer was conducting her factory at No. 39 Park place on wholesale orders, and No. 27 Union Square on the retail demand. The gentleman stated he had bought Mrs. Ayer's 'Vita Nuova' from Stern Brothers. He asked one of the firm if it was not out of the usual order for them to sell a tonic. He said it was, but they were bound to keep Mrs. Ayer's articles, as they knew everything she made was just as represented and always sold quickty and gave satisfaction. He said the Hon. S. Cox, late United States Minister to Turkey and now Member of Congress, had written a friend that 'Vita Nuovo' was indeed 'New Life' and the best tonic he had taken, and that he had been greatly benefited by its use. Also that the Hon. Milham G. Stahlnecker, Member of Congress, had written Mrs. Ayer that, 'After two weeks' use of Vita Nuova I feel like a new man.' The emident dramatist, Steele Mackaye, and the condition of the country to use as a preventive of typhold fever it is invaluable. I am delighted at Mrs. Ayer's success, and I

THEY WORRIED THE HIGH-BRED DOG.

A PUG AND A MONGREL LAY A PLOT FOR A PROUI GREYHOUND-SANCHO'S BONE-YARD,

"Towny" is a little dog of the Willoughby pug species owned by a gentleman occupying a vilia in one of the most peaturesque suburbs of New-York. A genial, sensible, but dignified little tellow it Tommy. He has been in the possession of the family ten years and long since abandoned the giddy ways of youthful dogdom. He takes great satisfaction in after stones for whoever throws them. But, as he is a harmless dog, never loses his temper and afterds amusement for the children, he is retained in the nousehold. "Tommy" puts on rather patronizing airs with "Bub," but "Bub" doesn't know enough to be aware of it.

lar " swell " dog with no end of " blue blood ' lar "swell" dog with no end of "blue blood" In his ceins. He wouldn't associate with "Tommy" and, of course, disdained to notice "Bub" at all. "Tommy" resented this sort of treatment. He is democratic and doesn't believe in imported dogs putting on airs over native-born dogs. One day the new-comer sat down for a rest outside the house where "Tommy" dwells. "Tommy," who was sunning bigself on his own deorstep, arose, strolled to the "Tommy" dwells. "Tommy," who was sunning bimself on his own doorstep, arose, strolled to the picket tonce which separated the garden from the adjoining garden and gave a short, quick bark. In response thereto "Bab" appeared on the other side of the fence. Their noses were together for half a minute. What they said, or whether they said anything, is a quest on for nataralists to decide. But this was the result of that being covered as But this was the result of that brief contact of noses: "Tommy" and "Bub" each on his noses: "Tomm," and "Bub" each on his own side of the fence trotted of toward the street. Arrived there, they approached the other dog, their tails wagging at a great rate and saying, as plainly as dogs tails can say anything: "How are you? Glad to see yeu." The dog of aristocratic and saying at the say anything of the suscepting nothing but evidently lineage rose stiffly, suspecting nothing but evidently taken aback by such unlooked-for cordiality. With tails still wagging furiously "Tommy" took a position in front of him and "Bab" sidled up beposition in front of a m and "Bub" sidled up behind bim. Then, both acting simultaneously, "Tommy" seized him by the left ear, while "Bub" caught hold of his tail. "Tommy" tugged away at the ear with all his might, emitting occasional deep tow growls of satisfaction, while "Bub" kept yanking away at the tail and no doubt above. ing away at the tail and no doubt chewed on it a bit.
Then pride had a tail. The high-toned dog yelped just as any low-bred cur would have done under similar circumstances. When he succeeded in freeing bimself he bolted ignominiously down the street, his tail between his logs and all the conceit clean gone

"Tommy" and "Bub" wagged tails and rubbed noses for a while, evidently indulging in mutual felicitations. Then "Bub" lay down in the grass and rolled over and over in dog fashion, enjoying a good laugh. "Tommy" looked as though he would like to vent his fee ings that way, too, but he had a character for discline to contain and so contained. acter for dignity to sustain, and so contented himself with wagging his fail approvingly at "Bub." This scene was witnessed by a reporter of THE TRIBUNE.
Concerning the ability of dogs to communicate
ideas among themselves "Tommy's" owner related the tollowing :

"I once had a fine old dog, half Newtoundland, half retriever, of a peculiarly thrifty turn of mind. Perhaps before he came into my possession he had known what hard times were, and had then learned the advantage of laying by for a rainy day. What he couldn't eat when fed he was in the habit of burying in a raing day and a state of the couldn't eat when fed he was in the habit of burying the a raing day of the state of ground which we need to sail his three couldn't eat when the sail of the couldn't eat when the couldn't eat w vantage of laying by for a rainy day. What he coulon't eat when ted he was in the habit of burying in a plot of ground which we used to call his bone-yard.' There Saccho-he was named after Don Quixote's immortal squire—would repair whenever he wanted to nibble something between meals, and solace himself with a resurrected bone or some other secap. At the same time I had a young dog of somewhat similar breed, toward whom Saccho acted as a sort of guardian and mentor. One day the youngster discovered Sancho's bone-yard and wrought sad havon there. Sancho was not long in discovering the mischief and divining who was the guilty one. He was a dignified dog. Without showing any signs of hasto or anger he started off to find the young dog. He soon found him. He merely touched with his nose the nose of the offender. The youngster's tail fell immediately and he followed dejectedly at Sancho's heels till the bone-yard was reached, and there, while Sancho looked on gravely, the young dog burled everything that he had uncarthed. I don't think he ever interiored with Sancho's bone-yard again."

From The San Francisco Chronicis.

I met a millionaire one evening coming down the street very unsteadily. He was walking very fast, but the night had been heavy and his numerous tacks made the block long and difficult to cover. I halled him. He greeted me kindly. He looked at tre for a moment.

"I am sorry, sorry to see you in this condition," he said.

said.
"I am all right."
"Well, I am not. I know I am a trifle full—"
"That doesn't matter in you, you know. You're a man of wealth and position."
"That," he said very seriously—" that did not occur to

me."
Then he braced himself up and walked on with great